THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Vol. XII FEBRUARY, 1925 No. 2

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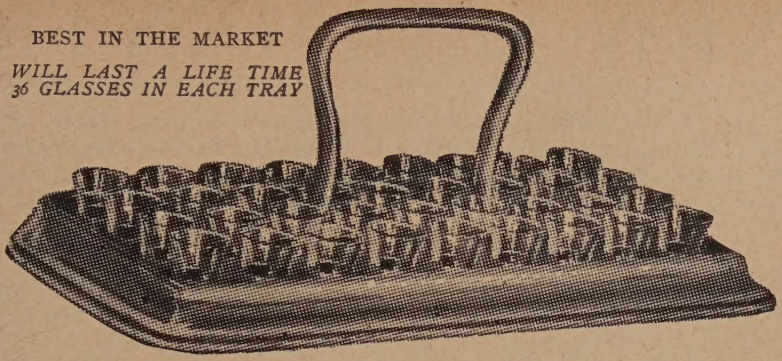

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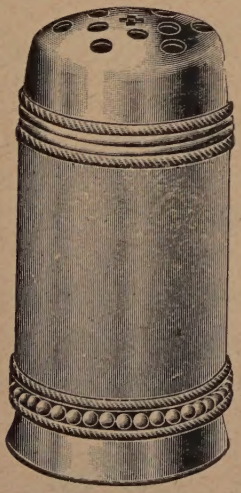

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LOVE'S ROMANCE

Alfred Lambourne

The Age of Chivalry hath passed away:
The banner'd Lists, the Tourney's war-like sport;
The vigil kept in some cathedral gray;
The steel-clad victor flush'd in Beauty's court.
Sir Galahad seeks not the Holy Grail,
Roland, the Brave, in secret weeps no more,
Nor Launcelot, great knight of ancient tale
Rides through the land, wins fame from shore to shore.
Yet romance lives, nor lost its olden charms;
In life's vast drama acts its unseen part;
Of trumpet call what need or flash of arms,
The silken pledge, the rose worn o'er the heart?
Romance its service knows, above all strife
Dwells the Soul, makes Love the Key of Life!

AMERICAN FORK CANYON IN FEBRUARY

THE
Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XII FEBRUARY, 1925 No. 2

The Editor Abroad

The Land of Scott and Burns

Alice Louise Reynolds

As one enters Scotland, one is impressed with its pastoral beauty. On every hand one sees little farms of green grass, flecked here and there with white daisies and purple thistles. These farms are surrounded by fences; sometimes low stone walls, covered with ivy; sometimes these low stone walls form only the groundwork for a hawthorn hedge; and sometimes, and then they are the most beautiful, there is only the hawthorne hedge.

At intervals between these farms are the well kept country roads, the motorists' delight. These roads are not infrequently lined with double rows of trees, making long, green avenues, of trees that have had time to mature—of trees that cast their lovely branches across one's path until one fancies he is in a fairy tower.

On these little farms we saw wheat being garnered for the winter, and good, fat sheep carrying heavy coats of long wool, being driven through the country lanes in a very gentle fashion, by very gentle shepherds, it would seem. These sheep were clean, for they spend much time in the green grass, kept clean by frequent rains.

On these farms and in the villages adjoining them we saw little white cottages, of one story, clean on the outside and extremely clean on the inside we were told. They were very humble cottages, containing few of what we would call modern conveniences, but homes we were assured from which the spirit of contentment had not departed, and where much happiness is found.

Riding along one of these delightful avenues in a motor car, we saw at no great distance the Solway, which at once brought to mind Scott's famous lines in "Young Lochinvar," a tribute to the occupants of the old castle of Gordon, the Knights of Lochinvar. But his poem in which he tells us that "Love ebbs like

the Solway and flows like its tide," is not the only place in which Scott speaks of the ebbing and flowing of the Solway; for a similar reference is made in his novel *Red Gauntlet*. One of the last Scotch rivers we visited was the Tweed, a reminder of Scott's reference in "Marmion," to "Tweed's fair river."

All this by way of introduction, merely to emphasize the fact that lovely as Scotland is, it has an added beauty that none can measure, for its poets have immortalized it in such fashion that it stands before us an enchanted land, with history and legend so commingled that its history is poetry and its poetry is history.

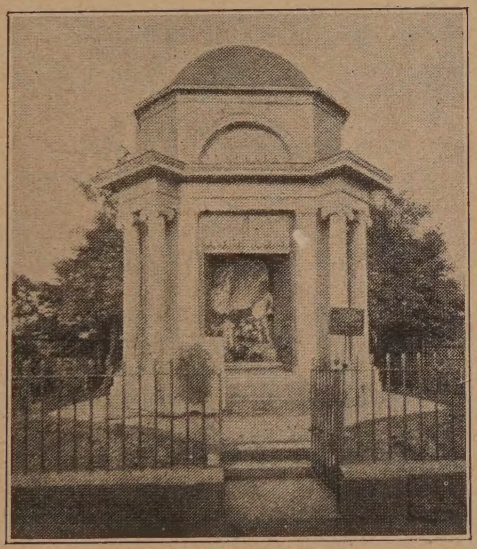
Wordsworth had said that there is no better time to visit the English Lake Districts than in September or October. It was during the last ten days of September that our party, consisting of Professor James L. Barker, his wife, Mrs. Kate Montgomery Barker, their two daughters Nancy and Margaret, and their little son "Jim," Mrs. Kate Carathers, Miss Vilate Elliott and myself, made a trip through Scotland in a motor car. This brought us in contact with the Autumn tints, as well as the rainfall, which came each day with such surprising regularity that the weather man, distressed by the drought in California and Utah, was seeking to even things up by according to Great Britain an overgenerous supply. In introducing the members of the party, it is with a belief that it will add materially to the interest of the articles, as our aim is to make them somewhat chatty and informal, and the introduction of one's traveling companions helps to bring about the desired results.

We had spent the night in Carlisle, an English city of considerable interest, and of considerable importance. We had just passed through the English Lake Districts, famous the world over for their beauty, and so we mused half wondering whether Scotland and her Lake Districts would be equally beautiful, when we were suddenly made aware that we had crossed the Scottish border. Five members of our party were of Scottish ancestry; the parents of one of them had been born in Scotland, the grandparents of another, as for the three younger members, it was for them, grandparents once removed. Five of the eight persons comprising the group had never visited Scotland before. It was a tense moment, "Sing something," this request came from Mrs. Barker, who intimated, thereby, that she had little faith in her own ability to sing under the present stress of emotion, or else that she did not indulge in singing under any circumstances. In any event, one tried "Annie Laurie," another "Auld Lang Syne," yet another the "Bonnie, Bonnie Banks of Lock Lomond," while a fourth, the venerable aunt, sang, "Ye Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon." Perhaps none of us succeeded in doing anything that might rightfully be called singing, but we did succeed in relieving

our pent up emotions, and in proving once more that there is no dearth of songs in Scotch literature.

Finally, we arrived in Dumfries, a city in the south of Scotland, which Burns designated, the "Queen City of the South." We visited first the Mausoleum, where he and his wife are buried. They had struggled on in poverty with a family of nine children; only one of their descendants is now alive, a maiden lady, Jean Armour Burns Brown. It would seem after their struggle to rear their family that fate has been a bit unkind.

The Mausoleum is one of many beautiful monuments found all over Scotland, as well as other parts of Great Britain, to the memory of the chief of our English song writers. From the



MAUSOLEUM OF BURNS

Mausoleum we passed to the little home where the poet died, a considerable part of which has been converted into a Burn's Museum, and on the window of which one may see his name scratched with a diamond ring.

We now turned towards Ayr, the city of his birth. On our way we visited Ellisland, a farm which the poet leased from Mr. Metler in 1788. Here he composed "Tam O'Shanter," "Auld Lang Syne," "To Mary in Heaven," and a number of other favorites. Passing from Ellisland, Mossgill was in our path, a place where Burns lived three years, and where he wrote a good many poems, most of them in the stable loft where he slept. "The

Cotter's Saturday Night," a great favorite with the Scotch people, was written there.

When we left Dumfries we expected to reach Ayr before night, but a side trip to one of the Douglas castles prevented, most fortunately, as we afterwards viewed the matter; for at nightfall we found ourselves at a typical country hotel, in a land of Scottish shepherds. The place was New Galloway. It was one of those family hotels in Great Britain that makes travel so charming and homelike, if one is just fortunate enough to find them. We found such a one in Canterbury, in April, 1911, and again in Leamington, in the Shakespeare country, in April and July of 1911.

The people who were in the hotel in New Galloway gathered around the fire, in the drawing room, which added much to their comfort, for the rainfall had been heavy during the day, and the air unusually chilly for that season of the year. In addition to our party, there were four Scotch ladies; the lady from Edinburgh proved especially entertaining. In the course of the conversation she told us she thought she would prefer living in Edinburgh to any other city she knew of. A visit to this city, a few days later, left our party feeling that the lady had not gone far astray in the matter. Someone in the party suggested that the Scotchman is receiving more than his share of attention, at present, as most of the stories told today appear to be on the Scotchman. The lady from Edinburgh admitted the Scotchman's worthiness of such attention, and contributed a number of good Scotch stories herself. When we pressed her for some stories on the American, her reply was, that she was far too polite to tell stories on any save her own countrymen, not a bad rule to follow, perhaps.

The next morning we started for Ayr, and arrived during the morning hours. Of Ayr Burns wrote,

> "Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a toon surpasses
> For honest men and bonnie lasses."

On the high street of the town we first came to the Tam O'Shanter Inn, where Tam O'Shanter and Sonter Jonny first had their social meetings, and from which Tam started on his "eventful ride." At some distance, on the same street, is found the humble little cottage where Burns was born. It is one-story-high with a thatched roof, and was built by the poet's father. In 1901 it was restored and made to look as nearly as possible as it did in the poet's lifetime. Persons wishing to visit it, go first into the grounds, passing later through the barn, on into a room where a few relics are on exhibition, and last of all into the kitchen which, with its box-bed, is the apartment where Burns was born, January 25, 1759.

ALLOWAY KIRK

A short distance ahead from the Burns cottage, we come to Alloway Kirk, now roofless, with the bells still hanging onto the gable. The poet's father is buried in this churchyard. The tombstone contains this tribute written by the son:

"O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious reverence and attend;
Here lies the loving husband's dear remains;
The tender father and the generous friend;
The pity heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that felt no human pride;
The friend to man, to vice alone a foe,
For even his failings leaned to virtue's side."

But readers of Burns are more familiar with Alloway Kirk, as the place the witches were dancing, when Tam, passing by on his grey mare Meg, startled them from their frolic, from whence they pursued him to the keystone of the arch, departing hence with Grey Meg's tail.

A very short distance from old Alloway Kirk is the Burn's monument, erected in 1820, at a cost of sixteen thousand dollars; its designer was Thomas Himlton, of Edinburgh. Among the most interesting relics in the monument are a Bible presented to Highland Mary, at the time that she and Robert Burns became engaged, and the wedding ring of Jean Armour. The grounds about the monument are beautifully kept, the flowers were blooming in profusion in late September. We were told that they were

much more beautiful in July and August; even so, they presented a perfect riot of color, at this time.

We next came to the "Brig of Doon." The bridge has a Norman arch and is very old. It deserves the poet's tribute so popular in song:

"Ye banks and braes O' bonny Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu'o' care?
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn,
Thou mind'st me of departed joys,
Departed—never to return."

We crossed the Brigs of Ayr, both the Old Brig and the New Brig. If any of our readers are interested in these bridges they might find delight in reading Burn's poem, "The Twa Brigs of Ayr."

Leaving Ayr we started in search of Montgomery castle. The feeling in our party was most keen about the castle: for Mrs. Barker's uncle, her father's eldest brother, was the rightful heir to the castle. We were very much interested in knowing to whom the castle belonged at the present time. We rode along through a beautiful avenue of trees, finally reaching the lodge which, following the rule, in such cases, was at the gate, Mrs. Barker went to the lodge and was received by the wife of the keeper, who told her that the gentleman now in possession of the castle is one by the name of Arthur, but she added, he is not home, at present.

Nevertheless, we were permitted to enter the grounds, which we found to be exceedingly beautiful, and quite in keeping with the popular notion of estates belonging to British aristocrats.

But whether or not the estate has passed from its rightful owners, its name remains unchanged, and like Old Alloway Kirk, and the Brig of Doon, has been immortalized by Burns, for it was here that Highland Mary lived, who was the dairy maid of the castle, and it was across this lovely country that Burns went to visit her.

"Ye banks and braes and streams around
The Castle O' Montgomery,
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There Simmer first unfalds her robes,
And there the longest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary."

THE "BRIG OF DOON"

We left the Castle of Montgomery and drove into Glasgow. We had gone a distance of 41 miles during the day. When we arrived in Glasgow we learned that Sir Harry Lauder was billed for the week, and that the people in Glasgow were filling their commodious theatre twice each evening to hear him.

We had heard Harry Lauder several times in America, but to really know what Harry Lauder puts into his songs one must see him and hear him in his own Scotland.

The Clyde river runs through Glasgow in much the same way that the Thames runs through London and the Seine runs through Paris. On the evening that it was our good fortune to listen to Mr. Lauder the scenery that furnished the setting for one of his songs reflected the purple heather and yellow gorse of Scotland; and Harry Lauder, in a fancy Highland costume, sang, "Roamin' in the Glomin', on the bonnie banks O' Clyde." In this environment the song took on a meaning that it never could have taken on, in other surroundings; a fact made doubly clear as we listened to the reaction of the audience, for they greeted him with round on round of applause, at the first note from the orchestra.

There is much heart power in Scotland; one can feel it in the words they use in their ordinary conversation, as well as in their highly emotional songs. Surely there is more heart power expressed when a child is referred to as "A wee laddie," than as a

little boy. Our party was late into Glasgow that evening, consequently we were able to obtain only standing room. Very proudly one connected with the theatre told us that Sir Harry Lauder would realize $10,000 from the week's engagement, and that, he added, is more than he makes in America. We did not argue the case with our informant, we merely enjoyed his pride, for it appeared to us to be the honest pride of Robert Burns; and when after standing most of the evening the usher was able to find us seats, because some one had left, we were a trifle pleased, I think, that he said to us, "Come and sit down and rest a wee bit."

Yes, Scotland is bonnie, from the Clyde to the Forth, from the Solway to the Tweed, whether ye take the high road or the low road, it is all the same, from the banks and braes of bonnie Doon to the bonnie, bonnie banks of Lock Lomond.

Eliza S. Neslin

Mother of Clarence Neslen—Mayor of Salt Lake City

To Sister Eliza S. Neslen, who departed this life on Sunday Morning, December 21, 1924.

Friend, neighbor, sister, kind and well beloved:

For almost half a century we have lived so near that we could call each other from our thresholds. And never once a word of discord or unpleasantness has passed between us, because we are alike in views and aims. We both know God the eternal Father and his holy Son.

Our children, too, have grown to man- and womanhood, in daily converse, and without a jar. Always in readiness with generous thought to help, not hinder, in their work or play.

And now you pass beyond the portals here to mingle with the faithful, blessed ones who know the Lord. The ties of love which weld our hearts are strong, and with this parting they are strained and pained. But you are given rest from mortal woes.

Rest, gentle heart—while, through the mist of tears,
The rainbow promise unto us appears.
You are not far removed, and we shall meet
Ere long your smile of love and welcome sweet.

Lula Greene Richards.

Jewels

A Roman queen in ancient days, 'tis told,
While gazing on some treasures finely wrought,
In casques antique, her courtly friends had brought:
Long ropes of pearls, and rings, and combs of gold—
That from the glittering sight she turned and stood
With tender arms clasped 'round two lovely boys,
"These are my jewels," she said, "my precious joys—
No crown so bright, so rich as motherhood."

Oh Vanity! Your jewelled caskets close,
Nor tempt with shining brilliants to ensnare
Fair maids, but rather may they wisely choose
To nestle in their arms love's gifts, and there
Stand firm as Rome's fair queen, Cornelia, stood
For joyous life and glorious motherhood.

Annie Wells Cannon.

A Family of Slaves that Help You

By Newman I. Butt

In former days only kings could afford slaves. Today even the commonest family makes use of many of them. Not human slaves, but inanimate workers that take much of the drudgery from life. Perhaps you have never looked upon petroleum and its products as slaves, but they are as truly made to do the physical and other work of man as were the slaves of the ancients.

The old kings had perhaps a dozen slaves carry him and attend to him on certain trips. Does it ever occur to you that when you jump into your car and take an hour's ride that you have had the equivalent of ten slaves' services. A gallon of gasoline in a good automobile does about as much work as ten ordinary men do in a day.

Many farm homes now enjoy the services of this same faithful aid to mankind. When you switch on a light of a farm lighting-system run by gasoline, you are drawing on power which is the equivalent of one man's work. The ordinary gas engine, on the farm, which pumps the water, runs the milking machines, and other labor saving devices might be likened to ten or to twenty laborers.

Gasoline is one of the great emancipators of man. It makes it possible for him to run errands in a fraction of the time it did before he learned to use it. With it he can don wings and outdistance birds from two to five or six times. The deer was regarded as the fleetest of living things in days gone by, but the gas engine has transferred this honor to man. In the United States, in 1922, the consumption of gasoline was about six billion gallons, and if we consider each gallon as the equivalent of the labor of ten men we see that it is the same as if we had about two working men attending every man, woman, and child in our country.

But the automobile is doing more than merely speeding up our footsteps. Some people get no better schooling than the automobile furnishes. It is educating people on isolated farms as no other agent has done. It is allowing them to become better acquainted with their country and to enjoy entertainments and privileges which they have never known before. It is helping to build up good roads, so that farm products can more easily and cheaply be brought to the market. And it is perhaps giving a better course in mechanics and the care of machinery, than any other agent of today.

Thinking of the power locked within gasoline is likely to make one inquire into its history, and if we do this we come across a wonderful story. Gasoline, as most everyone knows,

comes from petroleum, which in turn comes from the mysterious bowels of the earth. Petroleum has been known for ages. The ancient Greeks burned it in their torches. They believe that one of their gods stole fire from heaven and brought it down to man in a hollow reed. For this crime the god was chained to the Caucasian mountains and from his torn liver streams of black petroleum have flowed ever since. In Asia Minor petroleum to this day is burning and flowing from certain fissures in the earth.

The Greeks, however, found too easy an explanation of the origin of petroleum. Scientists of today mostly agree that this wonderful substance has come from the partial decay of other wonderful material—the living plants and animals. In the trees and vegetables about us mother nature is patiently collecting energy from the sun and storing it in her beautiful gardens. A great forest tree, in a year, stores up about as much energy as we use in burning five gallons of gasoline or about one seventh of that contained in the food a man eats in a year. Somehow or other a portion of this energy is preserved from the decay which befalls most living matter. For many past ages, mother nature has been carefully tucking this preserved vegetable matter into the beds of the earth where this precious energy has been sleeping until we discovered it and put it to work. Today we are greedily absorbing about twenty-three billion gallons of petroleum a year for various purposes.

Gasoline is only one of the two hundred or more petroleum products which man has made to serve him. The manufacturers can secure only 26 per cent of gasoline from crude petroleum, although they would be glad to secure a larger proportion of this highly prized labor-saver. Perhaps the most familiar of the other products is kerosene, or coal oil. Kerosene has been a faithful servant of man for a much longer time than gasoline but mostly in another capacity. It contains about the same amount of energy as gasoline, and to a limited extent is used to do the mechanical work of man through the agency of engines in the same way. The big task of kerosene, however, has been to furnish us with light and heat. We may consider that light is caused by a high degree of heat and the hotter the fire the more light it gives off. Now, man might be regarded as a heat generating machine. The food we eat that is made use of in the body is burned and the heat from it is thrown off by the body. On the average our bodies throw off about one fifth as much heat in an hour as an ordinary two ounce candle gives off in being completely burned. If we secured from human sources the heat for the cooking and lighting that is done with kerosene in an average country home, it would just about take the equivalent of the energy from one person for each purpose. Of course, if the family washing were also done by heat from kerosene the

man-power would be much greater. About two billion gallons of kerosene are used in the United States each year and a considerable proportion of it is used by the housewife in her lamps and heating stoves. In better lighting and more convenient heating the petroleum family has proved nearly as useful servants as they have in furnishing us with stronger and better muscles.

Many of the petroleum family such as kerosene, machine oil, and paraffin are greasy and nasty to handle when you have on your best clothes, but some of the others are regular grease and dirt chasers. Among the latter the best known ones are benzine, naptha and gasoline. Just as they are distilled off from the crude petroleum in making the separation of the different constituents, they are very dirty because they are such good grease dissolvers. The manufacturers have to treat them with the powerful chemical, sulphuric acid, to make them let go of the greases and then put them in a bath tub where they are washed with water and later with lye to get them clean, before they could be trusted in the hands of the housewife. They treat kerosene in much the same way to cleanse it also, but benzine, naptha and gasoline must be much cleaner than kerosene when they are to be used for taking grease from clothing. When using these cleaners we do not depend upon their energy or brute strength to accomplish our work but upon what we might term their tact. The grease is clinging with all its might to the little crevices of the cloth or other material upon which it had splashed, but the cleaning fluid persuades it to unwind its arms and form little droplets which may be removed without grabbing out for something else to cling to.

Benzine is also extensively used in making many common articles about us, such as oil cloth and linoleum. It is not used in the product as we know it, but only in dissolving the paints and other sticky material which must go into the product. Without cheap solvents such as this, linoleum and oil cloth would be much more expensive than at present.

The old kings used to have servants prepare the path on which they were to walk. Today we use the petroleum products to smooth our pathways. By this it is not meant the streets we walk upon, although it finds some use in this way. I refer to the smoothest roadways in use today, the bearings of our wheels. For the loads they move the railroad car wheel and the wheel of the automobile move easier and smoother by dozens of times than man can move the same loads. All of the oils which you squirt into your machines to make them run easily and smoothly are part of our petroleum family. The bearings of the machines appear to be perfectly smooth to the naked eye, but when viewed under the microscope we find great hills and valleys which tend to cut the machine to pieces in a short time. But part of our

family of petroleum products are the uncomplaining sort that can be walked on without squirming. Many place the oil about where it is needed and it meekly flattens itself out into the tiny valleys of the machinery bearings and allows the wheel, whether it be a tiny sewing machine wheel or a tremedous locomotive wheel, to slide over it on the smoothest roadway in the world. Without such a lubricant, as we call it, the burden placed upon man's shoulders would be multiplied many times, because many pieces of machinery would be impracticable.

In this discussion we have treated the products of petroleum somewhat in the order in which they are driven from the mother products, in the manufacturing process. All of the above products are liquids and distil or evaporate from the petroleum without great difficulty. The remaining few which we shall discuss are all solid or semi-solid in nature.

The first of these solids, we might liken to a minor lifeguard, although it is really only the plebeian vaseline which we find in ten cent stores and which milk maids use to soften the cows udder. It also is often used in place of other lubricants for greasing machinery. Of course, it is frequently mixed with other substances and sold under some high sounding name, but it is still the same humble servant. It is probably this part of petroleum which made it so highly prized by the ancients as a cure for camel or horse bruises and sores. It is still as fine a remedy for certain types of sores and cracked skin as we find.

Every housewife knows the petroleum product, paraffin, which is so useful in keeping the ravenous bacteria and fungus from stealing her jellies and jams. If she saw it just as it comes from the petroleum, she probably wouldn't recognize her old friend, however, because it is a black, foul-smelling waxy-appearing stuff with black oil all through it. It goes through several cleaning processes and finally comes out so white and pure looking that we do not hesitate to use it as chewing gum during fruit preserving time.

There is an interesting story which might be told of many of the rest of the petroleum family, but enough has been said to show the reader that it is indeed a wonderful family of what we might call servants of civilized man. But man is not taking the proper care of his petroleum servants. He is wantonly taking the material from its home in the depths of the earth and destroying much of it. Everywhere we find gasoline being wasted by improper adjustments of the automobile carburetor, and by useless waste in other ways. It is estimated that fully a third and perhaps half of all this great store of energy is being wasted. We are likely to pay dearly for this extravagance some day, because the natural stores are rapidly being exhausted; and when they are gone, this slave of mankind will be very strongly missed.

Like Crumbled Rose Petals

By Ruth Moench Bell

Constance Winburn had on her rose-colored, batiste dressing gown. Edythe, her daughter, would have called it a negligee. Martha, her sister, who helped her into it, called it a wrapper. Harold, her grandson, who bought it for her, called it a robe.

The dressing gown was soft and clinging and suited charmingly with Constance Winburn's fluffy, white hair and rose-leaf complexion. She knew that the white dimity apron was not just the right thing to go with a dressing gown. She had Martha tie it on her because the apron was trimmed with lace and went well with her cap and also because Edythe liked to find her in light colors and very dainty. Edythe was coming that afternoon.

Constance took out her powder puff, after Martha had gone out. She went over her face very lightly. There must be no shine. Edythe did not like to see her face unpowdered. Constance wished that her hands were not so crippled with rheumatism. She was sure she could have made her nails more exquisite than Martha had done with the scissors. She would have liked to manicure her nails as she had seen them done in shops.

Constance opened the door of her room. "I think I'll lie down till Edythe comes," she called softly to Martha. "Edythe likes to find me rested."

"All right, Constance," Martha responded.

"You don't mind me going," Constance enquired, somewhat anxiously. "You don't mind my going, Martha, do you?"

"Not if she asks you," was on the point of Martha's tongue to say. Martha caught back the sharp, ugly thought, caught it back by the nape of the neck before it crossed the threshold of her lips. Instead, Martha sent forward very pleasantly, her angel child, as it were.

"Not at all, Grandma dear, we shall miss you, of course. But we have so many interests. We can understand how lonely you must be with us." The little speech fluttered out like a cherub in dotted swiss and blue bows. Made its little talk, then courtesied, as it were, and bowed itself off. All the while Martha held the ugly speech in leash, threatening it with her eye till the fair one had finished and made its exit.

"We are not going to wound my poor, dear sister," Martha told the ugly one.

Martha went in and laid a soft, light-colored shawl over the failing form of her sister. Then she came back to have it out

with the ugly thought, which, no doubt, was making faces at that very minute behind the door.

"You know perfectly well, Ugly Thought," Martha cried sharply without so much as opening her lips. "You know perfectly well that *Edythe* (burr—she spat out the word, Edythe) that Edythe (spew) adores her mother. (The Ugly Thought stuck out its tongue at Martha.) Yes, she does! *Adores* her! (Liar! Liar! chirruped the Ugly Thought.) Well, she does, just the same. Doesn't she send her flowers and—and—er—wires? Doesn't she write her the most heavenly scented letters all filled with fine words? (The Ugly Thought turned its back rudely. Its shoulders were shaking with mirth, unseemly. Martha stamped her foot at it.) Get back into the corner," she commanded. "She does, and you know she does. Hasn't she been promising for a year or more—promising. You know as well as I do—for you've seen 'Grandma'—(It was impossible to imitate the spicy flavor Martha managed to sprinkle on the term 'Grandma' whenever she used it toward her sister, probably an attempt to copy the sacharine sweetness that Edythe injected into the term.) 'Not for mine," Martha would vociferate, after such times. "Not for mine. I'm glad I'm not a grandma. And I'll keep my identity as Martha to the end. if you please, to the end. And I'll call my sister Constance till the last hour. 'Grandma!' Humph, seems like when folks get ready to slip their own onto the siding and forget 'em they most generally give 'em some title like that that lumps them all into a mass. Now there is some individuality to the name Martha or Constance, but 'Grandma' covers a whole multitude of forlorn souls, side-tracked an dforgotten."

The Ugly Thought chuckled to remind Martha that it was still there. "Yes, I know you are there,"' Martha came back. "As I was saying you have seen Constance get ready twenty times to go to Edythe's." (The Ugly Thought chortled. It had won its way through. Nothing could have been funnier nor uglier than Martha's final snarling Edythe.)

"I'll bet she doesn't come, bet you she doesn't come," chimed the Ugly Thought impudently.

"She *will* come, she *will* come," Martha coaxed the Favorite Thought into unconvincing insistence.

Even as she spoke, Edythe's smart touring car came up to the gate. There were gates at Martha's place, twenty miles out of town, "so absurd to be out so far, you know." Edythe languished.

"Glad you've come, Edythe," Martha sent the Ugly Thought back into the corner with an I-told-you-so shove. "Edythe is here now, do you see?"

"Yes, but she won't take her mother home with her," the Ugly Thought persisted hatefully.

"She will, she will." Martha persisted.

"How is mother?" Edythe drawled languidly. "I brought her some violets and daffodils."

"What did I tell you?" croaked the Ugly One.

"Why *shouldn't* she bring violets and daffodils?" Martha rebuked. Just the same, Martha tiptoed over to Constance' door to make sure it was closed.

'Would she bring flowers for her mother to carry all the way back, when there will be so much to take—*would* be, I should say," the Ugly Thought taunted.

"Oh, keep still."

Edythe sank into a chair. "I suppose mother is taking a nap."

"She is lying down waiting for you to come. She is all ready to go."

"Oh, that is really too bad. You see we are expecting Harold's baby almost any minute. And of course the extra work and all—"

Martha knew without looking. The Ugly Thought was chuckling wickedly: "What did I tell you?"

"We are losing so much rest as it is. And I suppose Grandma still has to be up in the night."

"Lie a little," the Ugly One suggested. "Insist that she never has you up in the night any more."

Martha listened attentively, alert for a sound from Constance' room. Her sister must not hear and be wounded again. Edythe's clear, cultivated, flute-like tones carried like a cathedral chime. Martha prayed fervently that they would not penetrate through the walls and into the gentle one's consciousness.

"And then there is the additional sewing," Edythe went on. "I really could not allow Grandma to go around as she does here. She must have soft, lace-trimmed negligees in delicate colors—and—and we've barely got through sewing for the new baby. I wouldn't want Harold's wife to see Grandma looking any way save her best. Nor Marjorie's beau for that matter. One must keep up the family prestige, you know."

Martha took time to look the Ugly Thought squarely in the eye. She couldn't endure to have it jigging up and down before her triumphantly any longer. "You've won," she admitted. "You've won. Now keep still and get out of the way, will you."

"And then Grandma needs special meals. All that tiresome milk and cream menu and those absurd fruits and vegetables. My family go in so for meats and pastries."

Edythe Barnes took off her gloves nervously. "She is talking her conscience to sleep," the Ugly Thought smirked. Martha gave it a look that should have subdued it. The Ugly One only grinned.

"And then we would have to fit out a special bed. Oh, you should see the adorable bassinet we have ready for Harold's baby. We have draped the basket in blue with white dotted swiss. It is a dream."

"Constance could take her own feather mattress," Martha observed. "She rests so much easier on feathers—on account of the rheumatism."

"Yes, I suppose so," plaintively, "they're so unsanitary and have to be aired so often and—"

"So does the baby's bed," Martha suggested.

Edythe stole a look at Martha. Surely the patient Martha was not being sarcastic. "Yes, there isn't much difference, after all, between a baby and—an old person. Both get one up in the night and ruin one's rest," Edythe smiled, rather pleased at her own fancy. "Both require special meals. Yes, and the sewing. Unless both are kept dainty, they are so—so offensive—not attractive, you know. And if they are fretful or peevish—they are so hard to put up with." Edythe rippled on, delighted with her own humor. "And then, as you suggest, the bed needs special care and their clothes and meals. And each should have the very best room in the house. Grandma would have to have the best, if she were there, so many old friends would be coming to see her. We must have that room now for Harold's baby, you know, so constant a stream of visitors will be in to see it."

"Yes, Constance' friends would certainly flock to see her if she were back in her home town," Martha remarked significantly. "That is one reason she wants to be there. She is lonely here with only Tom and me and the chickens and cows."

"I suppose so," Edythe sighed delicately. "Fancy our home, though, with Grandma's friends pouring in and Harold and Jennie's friends coming to see the new baby. Then Marjorie and her beau and her friends and all of mine!"

"That is another reason she wanted to be with you," Martha went on remorselessly. "Constance always did enjoy being in the midst of things. She worships babies and longs for the company of young folks. And they always take such a notion to her, she is so—charming with them. They adore her. Every young person does. The farm is a drag on Constance."

The Ugly Thought bobbed up again. "You haven't even touched her, with all that palaver." it taunted.

"How funny, Aunt Martha, for you to still call her Constance." Edythe smiled. "I've thought of her so long as grandma."

Martha bit her lip firmly. She would have liked to tell Edythe all she had talked over with the Ugly Thought about the name grandma and its abuse. She knew it was best to hold her-

self in check. When she could trust herself to speak again Martha grew reminiscent.

"Constance was always the delicate sister," she cried, "sort of romantic and fond of nice things. We thought of her as a bit finer than the rest of us. We all got in the way of deferring to her. She was the aristocrat of the family and the sweetest and most unselfish. We were willing to regulate the house according to Constance' needs."

"I suppose she still hurries you all to bed at ten, and drags you out at seven," Edythe murmured.

Martha's dignity and indignity came up. She almost invited the Ugly Thought out to pull faces or say disagreeable things.

"I suppose I would have to come flying home from club to see that the evening meal was to her liking. Poor Auntie, how patient you have been."

Martha tiptoed to her sister's room again. Surely Constance could not still be sleeping. Most certainly Martha would have retorted angrily, had not her first thought been for the invalid sister.

"She must not hear, she must not hear," Martha kept repeating to herself.

"Don't bother to waken grandma," Edythe drew on her gloves again. "I'll go out and get the flowers I brought for her. I left them in the car."

Martha opened Constance' door very softly. Did she imagine it, she wondered, or was there a hasty settling down on the part of her sister, as if she had been listening and now feigned sleep? Martha drew nearer and peered anxiously over Constance' shoulder. Was there a tear undried on Constance' cheek? Maybe not. It might have been there because of weak eyes, slipping out as the gentle one slept.

"Drives," Martha murmured to herself. "Drives! All her gentle life she has won because she has never insisted, never demanded for herself and always was so thoughtful of others."

"Edythe has come, dear," Martha spoke softly. Every one spoke softly somehow to Constance. "She brought you some flowers, violets and daffodils."

"How lovely of her," Constance breathed, as if a flower had opened its petals. "A taste of Spring. In the Spring one does long so for fresh, cool flowers and—trips and little adventures."

The Ugly Thought jogged Martha's elbow. "Tell her at once," it urged. "Don't let her be going on expecting trips and adventures when she is to stay right here still. Maybe she didn't hear after all. And then again she is probably pretending so you won't suspect and feel that she has been hurt. But tell her anyhow, can't you?"

"They are expecting Harold's baby," Martha spoke with averted eyes. If she was breaking the news she did not want to see the pain come into her sister's eyes. "Edythe thought maybe you better wait here with us till after the event is over and things kind of settle down again. She was—she was afraid you might be anxious and worried and all."

"A spring baby, how lovely!" Constance faltered. And then anxiously. "Didn't Edythe wait to see me?"

"Oh, yes," Martha rejoiced she had that much to offer. "She went out to the car to fetch the flowers."

Constance, cuddling the flowers in her arms, accompanied her daughter out to the car. She had received Edythe's apologies and regrets in the quiet way which distinguished Constance. Martha, observing her, was unable to guess whether or not her sister had overheard the cruel conversation.

"Very likely the twenty mile drive would have been too much for you, anyhow," Edythe finished glibly, her foot on the fender.

* * * * *

"Constance seems unusually subdued," Martha remarked to Tom. "She seems so much quieter since Edythe's visit." Martha had not told her husband about the conversation and her fears that her sister had heard. She wanted his opinion without bias.

"She probably is failing a little," Tom replied. "Spring is rather trying on the weak and aged. All these spurts of Spring and relapses into Winter I've noticed are exhausing to any one whose resistance is not up to the mark."

There was no satisfaction in Tom's words. She had heard him say the same thing many times before. "It is nothing to fail," Martha observed to herself. "We all have to come to that and we all have to learn to bide our time with as much courage and good cheer as we can muster. I just can't see Constance go out stricken and wounded in her feelings. She has been so tender with every one."

Accustomed to read her sister's varying expressions, Martha was baffled to find an unfamiliar lodger looking out of the window of her soul, as it were. This new guest troubled Martha more than she cared to admit, especially as it was always present when Constance made certain observations.

"I—I—do you notice—I haven't got you up in the night—for several nights, now," Constance murmured one morning, several days after her daughter's visit.

"Has your rheumatism been easier?" Martha asked.

"Oh, so, so," Constance asserted. "I find—it really does not help much to get you out to rub—the pain away."

"I'd really rather you called me, Constance," Martha insisted. And then to herself she reflected that her sister was look-

ing more pinched and wan. No doubt, partly because she was trying to suppress her pain.

Constance turned away. "Do you notice I keep my room picked up better? I think it helps me to move about more and try to get hold of things. I think I may recover the use of my fingers if I keep up the attempt." A spasm of pain flitted over the invalid's face as she tried to illustrate the "picking up."

Another observation brought a choking sensation into Martha's throat. "You and Tom needn't hurry to bed on my account, you know. I'm getting so I can sleep even if I don't get to bed till eleven or twelve. I've—I've tried it in my room. You and Tom can have all the company you want, Martha. I notice I actually sleep well in the morning—these last few days. And my afternoon nap is really more a habit than anything."

"She heard, she heard!" Martha moaned to herself, as she rattled pans in the pantry.

"Taking it out on the pans, huh!" the Ugly Thought confronted her.

"Oh, shut up and get out of here," Martha Snapped. "It is cruel—cruel, I tell you. That poor, fragile little thing—longing for her daughter, her baby, her only child—longing to be with her; and fairly yearning for the companionship of that girl's young people and their interests—the new baby, the granddaughter's sweetheart—the grandson's wife and all—"

Martha broke off abruptly. Constance was trying to walk down the stairs unaided. "Here, wait a minute," Martha called. "I'll help you dear. You'll be falling down those steps one of these times and smashing yourself to pieces."

"No, I've been practicing quite by myself. I have gone up and down several times without help, when you and Tom have been out."

Martha caught her sister by the arm barely in time. A sudden twinge of pain nearly twisted her off the steps. Somehow there seemed no weight to the thin arm, no resistance. Constance had leaned so heavily before. It was not that she was carrying her weight now. There seemed no weight to carry, her body was soft and crumpling, sagging lightly, though no heaviness was there.

"Just fairy weight and fairy substance," Martha fought back resentful tears. "She is crumbling up like—like a rose petal. Slipping away before my very eyes! And Edythe won't see!"

"Now nothing special for me," Constance insisted at table. "I know I can eat anything. It is perfectly absurd that meat would aggravate my rheumatism."

"Well, you keep to the doctor's orders, anyhow," Martha advised. "Tom and I are not great meat eaters. Meat actually is

more trouble to prepare than—vegetables and fruits and milk dishes."

Several nights later, Martha was almost sure she heard someone stirring in Constance' room. "I'm afraid Constance is up," Martha started in her sleep. The movement woke Tom. "I'll go and see."

"Lie still," Tom ordered. "I'll go in for you."

He tiptoed to Constance' room and then came back yawning heavily. "She's all right. Sleeping soundly! Covered up, head and all!" Tom delivered himself in short, staccato sentences punctuated with yawns and then went back to sleep.

In spite of Tom's assurance that all was well with her sister, Martha felt troubled. She lay for some time wide awake, then fell into a worried sleep. She and Constance were younger, much younger. They were somehow in a large, strange building trying to get out and finding themselves obliged to dodge around many heavy draft horses intent on work which the two women seemed to interrupt. She and her sister should not have been there. That much was evident. Constance, nimble and lively as she had been in the old days, skipped in front of a terrifying team, found an exit and flitted out. Martha could hear her quick, light steps gliding down the stairs in that airy, fairy way that had been Constance so long ago.

Martha, heavier of foot, heavier and slower of brain, weightier of body—followed—evaded a team or so, reached the exit—went down stair after stair, one flight after another—trying to catch up to her flitting sister. Martha's speed became almost as nimble as that of Constance. She glided down the last flight as if suspended by invisible support, scarce touching the steps—actually missing the last steps entirely, hovering over them, lightly, easily. Three iron gates in immediate succession, one opening to the left, the next to the right, the last to the left! Martha hurried between them, stepped beyond the last, looking for Constance. Constance was not there. She had been just ahead, ever just ahead, and yet had vanished and left a space that seemed incredibly hollow and empty and charged with a feeling of finality that made clear the futility of following the quest!

Martha sat up in bed with a start. Tom was sleeping so heavily, she did not disturb him. Slipping noislessly out of bed, Martha in dread anxiety made her way to Constance' room. Tom was right. Constance lay asleep, almost covered out of sight with comforts. Martha waited long enough to see that the covers were moving up and down in gentle undulation. Then she returned to her bed.

Wakeful till morning, Martha dropped off to sleep at dawn and slumbered profoundly. Tom had gone and broad day was flooding the room when she roused again.

Something had happened in the night, Martha felt sure of that. With a dread premonition she sat up. The Ugly Thought was on the foot-board of her bed, as it were. He had been away for some time.

"Oh, you are there, are you?" Martha rapped out sharply. Somehow she could not be as sharp as she meant to be. The Ugly Thought, or *was* it the Ugly Thought? sat humped over, his shoulders drooping. He did not stare at Martha. His shoulders were heaving.

"You're—you're not crying are you?" Martha scolded.

"I've been—away while you slept—over—over to—to Edythe's place, her—*her* daughter's place."

Martha tried to get up.

"Something happened in the night."

"I knew it, I knew it," Martha cried. She tried again to rise.

"A little baby came in the night. I was there. It came in pain, so much pain. The mama almost died. Such a young mother!"

"The age Constance was—when Edythe was born," Martha remembered.

"Yes, I joggled her elbow, Edythe's elbow," the Thought went on. "Yes, I joggled her elbow and—something—woke up inside her. It—was her memory or remembrance or—something tender and sad that had been sleeping inside her for a long time. It stirred then—and she remembered of a sudden that once—*she* had been born—"

"Who, Edythe?"

"Yes, Edythe. She remembered that she had been born once, just like that. It was for her that a little body lay on a bed of pain—a little, gentle body—in pain and danger! A lovely, little body that was made up only of love—and tenderness toward her! And then, she remembered again that somebody sat up of nights—and watched while she slept. Somebody got up many, many times in the nights in broken slumber and did things for her—"

"For Edythe."

"Yes, she remembered that. Edythe's memory told her, too, that somebody who loved her, regulated the whole household and her own life for Edythe's sake. Somebody gave her the best room, the daintiest bed and kept it sweet, made her the prettiest clothes and kept her lovely so she wouldn't be—offensive—and unattractive to—to others."

"Oh, go away," Martha broke out impatiently. "I know, I know all that. I've thought it over a hundred times. Move out of my way. I want to know about Constance. I must know that she is all right. Sometime she will slip away in the night, elude me so that I can never find her again, just as I dreamed in the night."

The Thought seemed to help Martha now. "Hurry, hurry!" it urged. "She got up last night and—and—"

"Move, I tell you, move out of my way," Martha sobbed. "I knew it. I knew it all the time."

"But Edythe is coming—Edythe will be coming today." The Thought pursued her.

With leaden limbs, Martha tried to hurry to her sister's room. Her footsteps dragged heavily. She could not pick up speed. It seemed hours before she could reach the bed.

Constance lay covered up—even to her head. Martha felt herself held back by a nightmare terror she could not throw off. Finally, in a thick voice, an unnatural voice of fear, she called: "Constance."

There was no response. Martha lifted the covers lightly. A gash of blood flashed vividly across the petal-like softness of her sister's cheek. It was a cut, made, no doubt, by a fall.

"Little sister, little sister," Martha cried out, the reality of her dream still clinging to her, so that the years were wiped out and the little, old lady was still "little sister."

Constance opened her eyes and smiled wanly. "I had a dream," she wavered, "such a beautiful dream. I thought—Edythe—"

In a tremor of relief, Martha exclaimed: "Yes, yes, she is coming today. I feel sure that she will come. I can't get over the idea that the baby has come."

Constance sat up in bed in a quiver of delight. "Do you feel that way, too? I dreamed—something about it and got up in the night and fell somehow—" Constance remembered her wound. She put her hand to her cheek. "I struck the corner of the dresser. But I stanched the blood so as not to disturb any one."

"Why, I would have gladly come," Martha choked out.

Constance' hand fluttered toward her sister gratefully. "You have been so kind," she cried. And then, noticing the light room, "My, how late it is. The sun is up very high. Must be nearly noon. I must dress, if we are to expect Edythe."

No time to dress! There was a sound of a car stopping, a hurried fumbling opening of doors. As if in anguished fear that her mother had slipped away in the night, Edythe almost stumbled into the room. She dropped down on her knees beside the bed and gathered the failing form in her arms. "Mother, mother darling," she sobbed, "I've come for you. I want you to go with me now, right now."

"My dear," Constance put out her hand to touch her daughter's bowed head. "You mustn't grieve so."

Marthat slipped out of the room. The Thought was waiting quietly outside the door—smiling tremulously through tears—

that would have their way. "She loves her," Martha cried, "she had forgotten, that is all."

Edythe's voice penetrated into their hearts again. "Harold's baby came in the night, Mother. Harold's and Jennie's. How hard I must have been. Somehow I never thought of it as Jennie's baby until last night. Somehow I never thought of all you had done for me until last night."

There was silence for a minute. Then Edythe must have raised her head and noticed the startling cut on her mother's cheek. "Oh, my dear, what have you done to hurt yourself so?"

"I was trying to be independent—and not trouble folks—and so I—I." The tender apology was smothered in kisses. "You must let us love you and wait on you as we shall serve our new baby. There are to be two guests of honor at our home, now, Mother. Why, I can't begin to repay you for all the trouble and anxiety and sleepless nights and pain you have endured for me."

"Oh, but it was joy every bit of it," Constance protested happily.

Edythe gathered the crumpled rose-petals of motherhood into her arms again. "And this is going to be all joy and love, too, Mother. Just think of the inconvenience and burden I must have been to you, if you had not loved me."

Constance' eyes lingered on her daughter's face caressingly. "I suppose that is what makes the difference," she sighed. "Do you think—your love can stand the strain?"

"Darling, all through the night and every foot of the way here I have prayed that I might be given the chance to try," Edythe cried. "I was in terror lest you might be gone—before I could make up to yuo a little for all I might have done."

"If you will just help me to dress," Constance faltered. She felt she could not speak except about something practical. "My rose-colored dressing gown is there in the wardrobe."

"Dearest, I don't care a snap about your rose-colored gown," Edythe protested. "I want you. And you are adorable in anything. Now we must hurry. Jennie is waiting to lay her treasure in your arms. Somehow we can't feel that she is ours till you —share her."

* * * * *

Martha sat down with her darning, when the two were gone. The Thought nestled into the wad of stockings and looked up at her.

"Why, you are not ugly any more." Martha wondered. "You are not ugly at all!"

"Ugly or Amiable!" the Thought smiled, actually smiled. "Ugly or Amiable, just the difference between a splash of tears or the flash of a smile! Only the difference between feeling and remembering."

Albert Edward Winship

In Commemoration of the 80th Anniversary of Dr. Winship's Birth

By Alfred Osmond, Head of the English Department of the Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah

The scholar at his desk did not forget
That deserts were to blossom as the rose,
Nor tangle his emotions in a net
That lures to pleasant landings of repose.
The river of delight, that gently flows
Into the moorland marshes of desire,
Is still unknown to him who freely chose
To cross the deserts and to fight the fire
That separate our lives from all we most admire.

"From sea to shining sea," he freely moves
To serve the grateful teachers of the nation;
His life still running in the kindly grooves
That tempt the minds of men to seek salvation.
The forces that combined in his creation
Had clear provision of our daily needs,
For during all the years of his migration
He carries to our lives selective seeds
That blossom into flowers of good and gracious deeds.

And we shall not forget the plausive words
That challenge the attention of our ears,
For they are like the minstrelsy of birds
That captivates the spirit that it cheers.
We all forget our failures and our fears
When Winship tells us to be strong and brave.
It matters not if treason frowns and leers
At those who see the rising tidal wave
That is to cleanse the world intelligence will save.

But man must die, and others must be born,
And time, we know, will win the final race.
A future day will come when we shall mourn,
Because he shall have left our meeting place.
But even then our love will fondly trace
The circling courses of his life's career,
And fancy will reveal the shining face
That, like the sun, has radiated cheer
And left with us a name that nations will revere.

EDITORIAL

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Dr. Albert Edward Winship

This month marks the eightieth anniversary of the birth of Dr. Albert E. Winship, noted educator and editor of the *Journal of Education*. We are publishing in this issue of the *Magazine* a tribute in verse to him from Professor Alfred Osmond of the Brigham Young University. Last year Doctor Winship was the recipient of tributes from all parts of the United States. The Pennsylvania Teachers' Association presented him with a beautiful gold watch, and the National Education Association gave him an album with tributes from educators all over America.

The educational fraternity has every reason to be grateful to Doctor Winship for what he has done in their behalf. Many communities are indebted to him for the whole-hearted manner in which he has championed their rights; yet we doubt if even Massachusetts, his native state, is more sincerely indebted to him than the state of Utah. He has never hesitated to speak boldly for Utah, and to extol the virtues of her community life and of her leaders. It was Doctor Winship who said in one issue of the *Journal of Education* that Utah county alone had produced more artists and musicians than any other county of similar population in the United States.

Doctor Winship has visited Utah many times. He first came through when the railroad made its advent into the valley, and was a member of the editorial party that crossed the continent in recognition of the fact. He has often related that the members

of this noted party were the guests of President Brigham Young and that part of their entertainment consisted in a trip to American Fork canyon.

Doctor Winship has been very generous to the Relief Society, both in spoken and written word. Not infrequently has he published paragraphs in relation to the work of the organization, and this year he has complimented the *Magazine* by copying three poems from local authors published in its columns, thus carrying the name of the *Magazine* everywhere that the *Journal of Education* is distributed.

We congratulate Dr. Winship in having reached the ripe age of eighty, and wish him God speed as he journeys on through life, heartening and breathing a blessing on all with whom he comes in contact.

Great Names

February always suggests the names of the great to us, in America, in the main, because this month chances to mark the anniversary of the birth of both George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Yet any suggestion of men in their class is apt to arouse at any time a discussion of great men.

In this respect it is interesting to note the distribution of people of talent in various parts of the world. If one were to visit the city cemetery of Vienna, he would find monuments there to Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, Supe, and the great waltz king, Strauss. It is safe to say that no other cemetery in Europe or America is the resting place of so many musicians of note.

When we were in the city of Vienna we met a gentleman who bewailed the fact that the Germans had not produced a greater number of scientists than they had. The man said, "Oh, I do envy the English, for not only have they given the world an unusual number of poets of the first order. but their country is the birthplace of Spencer, Tyndale, and Charles Darwin.

We would remind our readers that the German people have given the world not only the great musicians buried in the cemetery at Vienna, but also Richard Wagner and Johann Sebastian Bach, not to name a goodly number of musicians of minor talent.

Next to Germany in musical fame, Italy holds the record. Such composers as Verdi, Leoncavalli, and Puccini mark Italy as the home of much opera of the very first order. In addition to these noted names, Italy has given us an unusual number of great opera singers. We need only call to mind such names as Caruso, Scotti, Tetrazini, and Galli-Curci to prove this fact. Italy has produced many painters. In the period of time known as the

Italian Renaissance she produced more great painters than any other country in the world. Today she is probably surpassed only by France in the number of her painters and in the quality of their work.

The French are a very versatile people, perhaps outclassing any other European nation today in the variety of their art output. An Englishman once said to me, "I know the moment I see the flowers on a woman's hat whether they have been made in France or England. If made in France the coloring is vastly superior to that produced in England." An engineer once remarked in my hearing that there is a finish about engineering instruments made in France that is peculiar to the French product. What we especially noticed when we were in Paris was the fact that that city has a number of very artistic bridges, and an unusual number of beautiful public buildings, perhaps a greater number than any other city on the continent.

England is noted for writers, preachers, and statesmen, and in this particular she perhaps leads the world. This we believe to be true, despite the fact that France has certainly made a most enviable record in the number of authors of the first rank that she has produced.

When we come to America, we find that she has led the world in great inventors. It was a common remark during the War that Europe must needs depend on America for someone who would be clever enough to invent a way to destroy submarine warfare, and in this particular America did not disappoint Europe, she did invent the way by which submarine warfare was overcome.

Lincoln's Appeal for Loyalty to All Laws

Let every American, every lover of liberty, every well-wisher to his posterity, swear by the blood of the Revolution never to violate in the least particular the laws of the country, and never to tolerate their violation by others. As the patriots of seventy-six did to the support of the Declaration of Independence, so to the support of the Constitution and laws let every American pledge his life, his property, and his sacred honor. Let every man remember that to violate the laws is to trample on the blood of his father, and to tear the charter of his own and his children's liberty. Let reverence for the laws be breathed by every American mother to the lisping babe that prattles on her lap; let it be taught in schools, in seminaries, and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books, and almanacs; let it be preached from the pulpit, proclaimed in the legislative halls, and enforced in courts of justice.

Diet for the Nursing Mother

By Jean Cox, State Supervisor of Home Economics Education

Two things are necessary for normal, satisfactory lives. The first is to be born with a good structure, that is, a body that is a good machine. The second is to take care of the human machine. The nursing mother has a dual responsibility in caring for her own body so that her resistance will not be unduly lowered or that tissues will not be sacrificed for the health of the child. A jaded, tired mother is a poor investment for her family. Her other responsibility is to supply food, right in quality and amount for the child for whose welfare she is directly responsible. When the child is subjected to a diet faulty in quality or amount injury is done to its tissues. A diet unsatisfactory in quality or quantity reacts unfavorably on the general wellbeing of both mother and child.

In order that health of both may be maintained, necessary food principles must be contained in the normal diet. Most homemakers are acquainted with the food classification which includes such terms as carbohydrates which is the class name for sugars, cellulose and starches, fats which include oils, cream, butter and fats, and proteins which is the class name for meats, cheese, fish, and milk. In addition to these, however, there are other food elements, quite as important for health, upon which increased attention has been given during recent years. These elements are found largely in the skeletal parts of the body, help regulate body processes, and are called ash constituents. As most of the ash constituents are supplied in the average diet without special attention, consideration will be given only to the two most likely to be wanting in the average diet of the nursing mother. These very essential ash constituents are calcium and phosphorous and are very necessary for the growth of bones and teeth. According to recent studies in experimental feeding of animals the kind of foods determine the quality of the teeth, McCollum, Mendell and others who are carrying on this experimental work say they can produce good or bad teeth according to the varying composition of the foods used in their feeding tests. Diets low in calcium and phosphorous and not containing the vitamines necessary will produce small bones and teeth of poor quality.

Another factor of considerable importance for physical wellbeing of the nursing mother and child is equanimity of mind. Lack of worry and avoidance of nervous tension are essential for good appetite, perfect digestion, and proper elimination of both mother and babe. It is physiologically wrong for either to try to digest

foods when the stomach is not ready: Worry, fatigue or fear inhibit the flow of digestive juices. In the case of the nursing mother the milk supply is made irregular by any of the above factors. Working beyond one's strength decreases the amount of milk secreted. The cross baby is a natural result when the mother has been too tired because of extra physical exertion or emotional excitement. Too great fatigue on the part of the mother may cause the death of the babe. Too much nervous excitement for the baby will cause indigestion. It should be understood also that when digestion is delayed by any of the causes listed above that something happens to the food in the stomach. The digestive tract is both warm and moist, making it an ideal place for the development of undesirable bacteria which act on the available food supply and cause various forms of discomfort if not serious illness.

The following story will emphasize the importance of peace of mind in relation to good digestion. A woman went to her doctor's office to have further study made of her case. The doctor gave her the usual test meal of a roll and cup of weak tea. When he was handing them to her the roll dropped off the cup and fell on the office carpet. This did not serve as an appetizer but the woman ate the roll and drank the tea. Some time later the stomach pump was used and contents of her stomach were analyzed to determine how much digestion had taken place. The doctor was much surprised to find that no process of digestion whatever had been carried on. The aversion to the dirty roll had inhibited the flow of digestive juices.

In addition to emphasis on mental serenity there are several other factors worthy of consideration in discussing possible increase of mothers' milk. From experiments carried on in a maternity hospital it was found that a mixture of fresh vegetables increased the milk supply. This, if it is true, contradicts some of the old beliefs that green foods caused colic. There is considerable evidence at the present time also that there is little danger in an average consumption of salads and leafy vegetables.

Another food notion that has been more or less prevalent among nursing mothers is the theory that drinking beer increases milk supply. This belief is unfounded by scientific study. An average consumption of milk, however, is considered valuable for the nursing mother from the standpoint of ash vitamines and energy values.

The question of necessary increase in the mother's food supply is dependent upon her own activity as well as upon the weight of the child. The food requirement of the baby depends upon several factors. The most usual method of figuring the baby's requirement is in terms of calories per pound. The tiny baby needs 45 calories per pound up to three months of age, while the

baby six to nine months of age requires 40 calories per pound. This, however, doesn't tell the whole story. A big baby needs less food per pound than a small baby. An active baby needs more food per pound than a quiet baby. A crying baby needs more food per pound than a good one. It is safe to say that every baby is a law unto itself and should be treated as such.

There seems to be considerable uncertainty in the minds of many women as to the amount of food required to supply the extra demand placed upon the nursing mother. While the baby is small the food intake is not increased as much as it is when the baby is growing during the second three-month period and this is still less than the requirement for the third three-month period.

The following table will help to show how the baby's food requirement changes from month to month:

Food Requirement for Baby at End of First Six Months

Months	*Weight of Baby*	*Oz. of Food Per Day*	*Calories Per Day*
1	7¾	18.6	369
2	9½	22.8	451
3	11	26.4	517
4	12	27	534
5	14	30	589
6	16	33	661.4

When it is understood that in a quart of average milk there are 640 calories and that the average sized woman doing her own house work in a small home would require about 2700 calories per day, the infant's requirement would be more easily calculated. The term calories has been used so frequently the past few years that this measure is generally understood. It is well to think of it as a unit of measure used in measuring the heat value of foods. As one calorie is too small for easy computation, foods are measured in terms of 100 calorie portions. 100 calorie portions vary with the composition of the food. One tablespoonful of butter, or two and one-half scant tablespoons of sugar, three-eighths cup of milk, one cubic inch of cheese are equal in energy value to an average head of lettuce. However, energy value must not be confused with food value.

In estimating the increased food supply for the nursing mother it is helpful to remember that it is thought that about two calories of food are necessary to make one calorie of milk. At the end of the first month the increased food supply for the mother would be at least 400 calories, while at the end of six months it would be about 1300 calories. During the succeeding three months' period, because of the increased weight of the child, it would be considerably more. The average mother's food requirement when her baby is six months, old, other things being equal, will be about one and one-half times her average food consumption. It is not the purpose of these articles to make the mother independent of the

family physician, but merely to increase her understanding of general principles of nutrition.

One of the big questions in feeding the nursing mother is to keep a healthy digestive tract during this period when, as the saying is, "she must eat for two." She should avoid foods that she knows are difficult to digest, although it is not wise, to anticipate indigestion. Neither worry nor fear are conducive to a healthy intestinal tract, so special effort should be made to enjoy meal time. Careful mastication is also important so that the food will be divided into small particles and thus more quickly acted upon by the digestive juices. While an excess of bulky food is to be avoided, because it does not contribute sufficiently to the energy requirement, some roughage is necessary to stimulate the peristaltic movement of the intestines.

Recent studies of constipation indicate that the softer cellulose of vegetables and fruits are more effective than the harsher brans of cereals. The argument in favor of the softer cellulose is that there is a greater tendency to ferment and the gas formed hastens the movement through the intestinal tract. Care should also be taken to eat fruit every day for the organic acid contained in it.

Another factor of great importance in maintaining health of the nursing mother is to insure the supply of the ash constituent. Perhaps the importance of this may be indicated when it is known that the calcium produced in the milk of a dairy cow in one year equals by weight half of the calcium in the animal's bones. The problem of the dairyman is to furnish food sufficiently high in calcium and phosphorous to meet the needs for milk production. The problem of the nursing mother is to eat foods high in these important ash constituents in order to protect her own bones and teeth. Foods relatively high in calcium and phosphorous are almonds, asparagus, grain, beans, buttermilk, brussels, spinach, cabbage, cauliflower, cheese, chocolate, celery, currants, dandelions, egg yolks, figs, lettuce, milk, molasses, oranges, strawberries, and turnip tops.

The other ash constituent which needs attention in the average diet is iron, but if the diet is generous in the phosphorous and calcium content the iron demand will be largely met.

One other factor that needs consideration in order that the mother's health may be further safeguarded is careful attention to the vitamine content of the foods. These are sometimes called the protective foods. In general their use in the diet prevents mal-nutritional diseases, promotes growth, stimulates appetite and helps to insure individual well-being. As the chief sources of vitamines are found in milk and milk products, green leaf and root vegetables, and fresh fruits, further discussion is unnecessary at this time.

Summarizing the nutritional principles indicated above, without detailed study for a balanced dietary, it has been found useful to see to it that at least as much is spent for vegetables and fruit as is spent for meat and fish and that as much is spent for milk and milk products as for all meats and fish. If this proportionate expenditure is lived up to, the welfare of the nursing mother will be fairly well assured.

Of Interest to Women

Conducted by Lalene H. Hart

[If you have a way of saving time, energy, or money, which has proved practicable, or, if you have found a way that has helped you in your home or family, write it up very briefly and send it to Mrs. Lalene H. Hart, at 931 Elm Avenue, Salt Lake City. One dollar will be given for every article published in the *Magazine*. Those who wish articles returned must inclose stamped, self-addressed envelope.]

There was no place in my clothes closet to install a rack in the usual way, so I took several nickel towel rods and attached them upside down on the under side of the shelf and ceiling. This makes a most convenient arrangement for clothes hangers. The rods are rigid and makes easy sliding and moving of hangers.

When cooking a "boiled dinner," several cheesecloth bags may be used, one for each kind of vegetable to be cooked. They keep the vegetable from being broken and are easily removed when the dinner is ready to serve.

Put leftovers, such as vegetables, creamed fish or meats into popover bowls or small enamel cups. When needed they can easily be warmed by placing in a pan of hot water and one lid will cover them all.

When the family is tired of fresh canned fruits, such as pears, peaches or apricoats, etc., or there are bits left over, they can be scalloped and delicious deserts made. Add sugar and spices desired, to fruit and cook a few minutes, add lemon juice and a little of the grated rind. Butter some bread crumbs. Place alternate layers of fruit and crumbs until baking pan is full, placing crumbs on top. Bake in moderate oven until well browned. Whipped cream or pudding sauce ma ybe served with it, if a little heavier desert is wanted.

Sometimes children who do not like milk can be induced to drink it by adding a little concentrated fruit syrup or cocoa. A speck of cinnamon, two or three drops of vanilla, a half teaspoon of sugar, added to a cup of milk may answer the purpose.

One housewife who serves delicious grapefruit puts a table spoon of honey into each half of the fruit and let stand several hours in a cool place.

Every housekeeper who prepares Boston baked beans knows it requires at least five to six hours in a good oven to cook them. Every time during the winter that you prepare them try having a hot sterilized jar at hand when they are done. Fill the jar with beans and seal immediately. Set the sealed jar in a pan of hot water, cover and let the water boil around the jar for one hour. Remove from water and cool. They are ready for any emergency without extra trouble, save heating and are good for next summer's picnic.

MISS HELEN WIXCEY

A signal honor has come to one of Utah's young women. Miss Helen Wixcey was elected president of the Association of Foreign Students of the University of Paris, France, at a meeting of that society held recently. Miss Carol Wolfe, of Baltimore was elected vice-president, and Signor Cesar d'Angels, of Rome, secretary and treasurer.

The membership of the association is made up of students from England, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Russia, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, Greece, Turkey, Polland, Czechoslovakia, Rumania, Japan, India, Egypt, Brazil, Mexico, Canada, Australia, Italy and Austria.

Miss Wixcey is the daughter of W. T. and Mary Bouton Wixcey of Salt Lake City. Her great grandparents and grandparents were among the early Utah pioneers. She is the grand niece of Mrs. Louie B. Felt.

As a student of the University of Utah she majored in modern languages, and in the summers spent her time at the University of Mexico City, and in the Spanish families of the Mexican villages of Southern Colorado. Last year she taught French and Spanish at the University Training school.

Having been awarded the John R. Park scholarship, she left for Europe last June with a party conducted by Prof. W. A. Kerr of the University of Utah.

It is interesting to know that Miss Wixcey is giving volunteer service in teaching at a Settlement house in Paris.

We may well be proud of this honor, which indicates such ability in leadership, that has come to one of Utah's young women.

Notes from the Field

By Amy Brown Lyman

TEMPLE PARK, CARDSTON, CANADA

Alberta Stake.

Saturday, July 26, after the monthly stake Priesthood meeting, the Alberta stake Relief Society, under the leadership of President Jane W. Bates, entertained the married people of the various wards of the stake in a literary contest and lawn social in the temple park, Cardston, Alberta. The contest consisted of review questions on the past season's work and was conducted by assistant stake class leader, Talitha Carlson. Much interest was manifested and some very creditable work was done. Three valuable books were awarded as prizes to the following: Lovina Low, Cardston Second ward; Ina Merrill, Hillspring ward; Hilda VanWrinkle, Cardston First ward.

Music was furnished by the Merritime String Players from Kansas City, Missouri; Ralph Smalley, Harry Armiton, S. E. Burton, assisted by L. W. Bates. Refreshments followed the program and consisted of sandwiches, pickles, cheese, salads, Boston baked beans, ice cream, and several varieties of cake. Mrs. Mary E. Smith was chairman of the refreshment committee

and was assisted in serving by the members of the board. Approximately five hundred people were served, only a part of whom are shown in the picture. Appropriate games were played, conducted by Mrs. Pearl Woolf and Mrs. Dora Jacobs, with everybody participating including the elderly people who entered wholeheartedly into the fun.

Following up the work of the health conference of last March, the Alberta stake Relief Society board have distributed some 1,200 pamphlets, "The Fly Evil, its Life History," etc., to every home and have obtained 600 each of the following pamphlets for distribution: "Food for a Child 1 to 2 Years," "2 to 5 Years," and "5 to 7 Years," "Milk as a Whole Food," "Uses of Cream," "Milk," "Buttermilk," "Cheese," "Skim milk," and "Cottage Cheese." This material was obtained from the government by merely paying the express charges. As a result of this effort the women are doing all in their power to promote better sanitation and health, by putting into practice the instructions they have received, and they are now planning a baby clinic for next year.

For the Canadian temple the wards donated last year twenty-seven completed temple suits, and the stake gave $1,531 in Sunday egg money, $500 of which was donated between April and August, 1923. This money was expended for dainty furnishings and useful articles for the temple. Alberta stake, has paid $97. for a loan chest which is fully equipped with sheets, pillow cases, maternity bundles, etc. The wards have all received bundles and have appreciated them, especially in the outlying districts. In the regular work meetings some of the stake officers are assisting the wards by giving demonstrations in cooking, which are very much appreciated and are bringing results.

Taylor Stake.

The Taylor stake has been making special efforts to create interest in the *Relief Society Magazine*, and to increase the subscriptions to the *Magazine*. The stake *Magazine* agent is working with the local agent, trying to get all Bee-Hive girls to subscribe for the *Relief Society Magazine* for their Mother's Christmas present, and where the mother has no daughters belonging to the Bee-Hive, they are asking the sons or husbands to subscribe for it as a Christmas gift to her. It is hoped that this will place the *Magazine* in nearly every Relief Society mother's home. The stake board gave a prize of a year's subscription to the *Magazine* to the ward having the nearest 100% officers' and teachers' present at the recent convention. The stake board is offering a prize (the bound volume of the *Relief Society Magazine*) to the ward getting the nearest 100% visits of district teachers and the using of the teachers' topics.

Taylor stake Relief Society has donated to the Cardston temple seventeen complete suits for working purposes. Each society in the stake, during the year 1924, gathered Sunday eggs or their equivalent for a donation to the temple for maintenance purposes.

One of the special activities of the year was for the mothers of the Relief Society having grown sons and daughters to attend dances and young people's entertainments. The results have been excellent.

The stake activity committee in the spring asked all Relief Society members to plan flower gardens, lawns and trees, and to try to make their homes more beautiful. As a result, the town as well as the prairie homes have been made much more attractive and pleasant.

A stake choir was organized in Taylor stake during the year. A list of the singers selected by the local presidents was sent to our stake president, and she sent a letter calling each to the position. The stake has a very efficient choir leader and organist.

Each ward in the stake has been asked to have a layette on hand in each society. The stake board has some articles for layettes and are planning to assist each ward by donating some articles wherewith to begin their layettes.

Lethbridge Stake.

With a view of raising funds for health work, the Relief Society stake board of Lethbridge stake, conceived the idea of getting out a cook book. As a result an excellent book was produced containing two hundred fifty original and tested recipes, and it is being sold at 50c a copy. A member of the General Board who has used the book declares it is the best cook book she has ever had.

The Relief Society in this stake is cooperating with the club women and the civic authorities in the interest of health with very satisfactory results.

Lethbridge stake Relief Society contributed twenty-four complete suits to the Canadian temple, each group of ten members furnishing a suit.

At a recent convention, two ward officers were present who had traveled 212 miles, one of them bringing with her a nursing babe. The interest and enthusiasm of these two workers is typical of the spirit of this new and flourishing stake.

General Board visitors to Lethbridge stake were entertained at the Dominion Agricultural College, a courtesy which was greatly appreciated.

Yellowstone Stake.

The Yellowstone stake Relief Society annual day was spent at the tabernacle grounds on the afternoon and evening of August 12. The stake presidency, high council, stake boards of the auxiliary associations, bishoprics and their partners, were guests of the Relief Society women of the stake. Community singing, program and games were features of the afternoon. At 6:30 there was a picnic luncheon with ice cream furnished by the stake board. During the luncheon toasts and music were the special features. Tables especially provided for the occasion were profusely decorated with garden flowers. A delightful part of the evening's entertainment was an original sketch produced by Relief Society members of the Wilford ward in appreciation of the stake officers.

Ward Relief Society conferences were held in all wards of Yellowstone stake during the summer and fall season.

Tintic Stake.

On September 1 and 2, the Tintic stake made an excursion to the Salt Lake Temple, which resulted in the following records: work for 247, and $76.75 temple contribution..

ORGANIZATIONS AND REORGANIZATIONS

Utah-Kolob Stakes

On Sunday, November 23, 1924, the Utah stake was divided. The northern portion, consisting of Bonneville, Grand View, Lake View, Manavu, Pioneer, Pleasant View, Provo, (6 wards) Sharon, Timpanogos, and Vineyard wards, will retain the name Utah stake, and the southern portion, composed of Mapleton, Springville (4 wards), Thistle and Soldier Summit wards, will be known as Kolob stake. Mrs. Electa Dixon and her officers were retained in Utah stake and the new officers for Kolob stake are: president, Mrs. Hannah B. Mendenhall; counselors, Mrs. Eva M. Crandall and Mrs. Hazel M. Robertson; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Irene B. Cook.

Nebo-Palmyra Stakes

Nebo stake was divided on Sunday, November 23, into Nebo and Palmyra stakes. Nebo stake will consist of Benjamin, Payson (3 wards), Spring Lake and Genola wards, and Palmyra will be made up of Lake Shore, Leland, Palmyra, Salem and the four Spanish Fork wards. Mrs. Hepsy Lewis will continue as president of Nebo stake, and the Relief Society officers for Palmyra stake were appointed as follows: president, Mrs. Delila Hughes; counselors, Mrs. Jane Jones and Hattie Wilcox; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Lillie M. Rowe.

North Weber Stake

Mrs. Georgina G. Marriott was recently released as president of the Relief Society of North Weber stake and on Sunday, November 8, the stake was reorganized.

Mrs. Marriott had served as president for fifteen years, and she insisted that it was time for some one else to be given the opportunity to take up the work. Mrs. Marriott is a woman of marked ability and rare vision, and being blessed in addition with strength, energy and ambition, she has succeeded in making the North Weber stake Relief Society one of the most active and progressive groups in the whole Church. No task has seemed too great for Mrs. Marriott and the women of her stake. In the councils of the General Board and stake presidents, when new problems have had to be met and old policies changed and modified to meet growing conditions and needs, this courageous and loyal worker had been ready always to undertake for herself and the women of her stake any extra work or additional task necessary to cover the emergency and to help out the organization as a whole. When, during the war, it was decided that the abolishment of agents' fees and a larger subscription list for the *Relief Society Magazine* might obviate the necessity of raising the price of the periodical, Mrs. Marriott suggested that stake presidents act personally as agents with the view of enlarging the circulation. This action was finally decided upon, and a few weeks later Mrs. Marriott sent in subscriptions from her stake amounting to 100% of the membership.

When Mrs. Marriott became president fifteen years ago, there was no general uniform course of study in the Relief Society. Each stake and in many instances each ward, arranged for its own educational work. Mrs. Marriott almost immediately prepared a uniform course of study for her wards in the form of printed guide lessons, and visited each ward personally to help introduce the work and standardize class instruction.

Mrs. Julia E. Parry was appointed president to succeed Mrs. Marriott, and her long experience in Relief Society work ably fits her for her position. Mrs. Minnie C. Stratford and Mrs. Sarah A. S. Larkin were chosen as counselors, and Mrs. Mary A. Terry was retained as secretary-treasurer. With the exception of one resignation and two new members the board remains as it was before.

On Saturday, December 20, a testimonial was given by the North Weber stake Relief Society in honor of Mrs. Marriott. Expressions of appreciation for her work and for the work of her board were the order of the occasion, and there was a presentation of appropriate gifts. Mrs. Marriott was presented with a beautiful ring, Mrs. Julia E. Parry was given a crystal bowl filled with roses, Mrs. Middleton, a book of poems, and Mrs.

Mary A. Terry, two crystal candle sticks. Mrs. Mary A. Geddes, the oldest member of the board, was presented with a book of poems, and the other board members received bouquets.

Juab Stake

On August 16, 1924, the Juab stake Relief Society was reorganized. Mrs. Unity Chappell, president of the Relief Society, and her board were honorably released, with the love and blessings of the priesthood and every Relief Society woman in the stake. Mrs. Chappell has served faithfully as stake president for eighteen years, and for six years previous to this was a stake board member. During all this time she has given freely of her time and energy in the Relief Society cause, and has done everything within her power to improve and strengthen the work. Juab stake and the General Board are both indebted to her for her long service and for her devotion to the organization and sincere appreciation is forthcoming from the stake and General Board.

In honor of Mrs. Chappell and her board the members of the entire Juab stake arranged a program and testimonial at the Armory Hall, at Nephi, October 16. Games arranged by the wards were participated in by the large number present, and everybody contributed to the entertainment. The grand march was led by Mrs. Unity Chappell and Mrs. Melvina Broadhead. Dainty refreshments were served to two hundred and seventy-five members.

The new officers appointed are: president, Mrs. Maude Forrest; counselors, Mrs. Itha Parkes and Mrs. Ellen Cole; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Florence H. Chase; chorister, Mrs. Alice Bellis-ton; organist, Mrs. Anna Allred; board members, Mrs. Matilda B. Whitmore, and Mrs. Lillian Cowan.

Carbon Stake

On account of ill health, Mrs. Isabella Bryner was honorably released as president of the Relief Society of Carbon stake, on September 28, 1924. Mrs. Bryner has worked untiringly in the Relief Society cause and she and her co-workers have endeared themselves to all those with whom and for whom they have served. Their work has been greatly appreciated and it is hoped they will still continue to be active members of the organization. On November 11, the newly appointed stake board gave a testimonial in honor of the retiring officers which consisted of a program, games, and refreshments. A silver thimble was given to each of the guests of honor.

The new officers appointed for the stake are: president, Mrs. Estella C. Dalton; counselors, Mrs. Louise Bunnell and Mrs. Sarah Gibbs; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Margaret Marcussen; assistant secretary-treasurer, Mrs. Drucilla Jones Powell.

Guide Lessons for April

LESSON I

(First Week in April)

Theology and Testimony

PART II—ENOCH

A. Some Leading Events in His Life.

1. *His Calling to the Ministry.*—Enoch had held the Priesthood, having received it from Adam, and then at the age of sixty-five he received a special call to the ministry and was blessed by the father of the race. At about this time, too, his son Methuselah was leading the race in longevity.

The call of Enoch, as recorded in the Pearl of Great Price, Book of Moses 6:1-36, consisted in a series of marvelous events: (a) The Spirit of God descended out of heaven and remained on Enoch; (b) The Lord made a prophet and missionary out of Enoch; (c) God declares to Enoch the sinful condition of the people and the penalties in store for the unrepentant; (d) Enoch pleads his unpopularity among the people and his deficiency as a speaker; (e) God gives Enoch a promise of protection, and of eloquence, and endows him with the power to work miracles; (f) The Lord makes Enoch a seer.

2. *Enoch's First Missionary Work at Home.*—(a) He fearlessly denounces the wickedness of the people. (b) His sermons carried wonderment, fear, and inquiry into the hearts of the populace. (c) His invincible testimony caused the people to flee or fall before him. (d) He declared Adam's belief in Christ, his baptism, and his clear knowledge of the atonement. (e) He prophesies war and degradation in the absence of repentance. (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 7:7, 8.)

3. *Enoch's Mission Abroad.*—(a) The Lord called him to preach to all except the conspirators with Cain. (b) He declares that baptism must be done in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. (Pearl of Great Price, Moses 7:11, 12.)

4. *Enoch's Power in Working Miracles.*—(a) The earth trembled; mountains fled; rivers were turned out of their courses, at his command, for the protection and progress of the converts, and their enemies fled to an island. (Moses 13:15.)

4. *The Building of Zion under Enoch's Leadership.* (Moses

7.)—(a) He established faith to the point of obedience. (b) He brought about union. (c) He kept out unrighteous living. (d) He provided industry for all under the plan of stewardships. (e) He kept out class distinction. (f) He kept in constant communion with the Lord. (g) He unceasingly provided the people with the word of the Lord, reminding them of the past, encouraging them as to the present, and revealing to them the future.

4. *The Completion and Translation of the City of Enoch.*—Enoch, the "seventh from Adam," built up a commonwealth with a perfectness akin to that of the completion of the creation. The City of Enoch, the dimensions of which are not known to us, became the abode of the Lord. Its people had been in the world but not of the world. In the midst of wickedness they were good. They were Zion, the "pure in heart." Their city became Zion, the place where God dwells.

The conditions of this unparalleled community were beyond the earth, and they were more than terrestrial. Under the law of the eternal fitness of things the city was given a position above the earth. When the Lord said of Zion, "Behold, mine abode forever," did he not indicate that the city built by men, under the direction of the Lord, was accepted as a part of his celestial kingdom? The kingdom where dwell none but those who can enjoy the personal presence of God.

The community conditions that make a Zion fit for the personal presence of the Lord are set forth in the following: "And the Lord called his people Zion, because they were of one heart and one mind, and dwelt in righteousness, and there was no poor among them." The Zion qualities of a community then, are (1) oneness of heart; (2) oneness of mind, or belief; (3) righteousness or right living; (4) community welfare or the absence of want.

These four points of consideration seem to have been the basis of the Divine judgment by which the City of Enoch was named Zion.

5. *After the City was Translated.* Pearl of Great Price, Moses 7:23-69.—(a) He sees the extent of Satan's power on the earth and the chaining of men's minds. (b) He sees angels from heaven working to unchain men's minds. (c) He sees a side of God's nature, unthought of before. The Lord wept in his presence because of the sin-brought suffering of his wayward children. (d) He witnesses in vision the saving of Noah and his family and the replenishing of the earth. (e) He beholds the birth, life-labors, suffering, death, and triumphant resurrection of the Christ, and with him the resurrection of the Saints who had slept. (f) He hears the earth mourn because of its pollution by men. Who can say with certainty that the earth is not intelli-

gent? At all events, it is obedient to law. (g) He obtains a promise from the Lord of this day, this day of wide-spread knowledge (Moses 7:62) and a description of the meeting of the Zion above with the Zion beneath. (h) He sees the millenium and the apostacy that follows it, the final victory of the Savior and the everlasting banishment of Satan from the earth. (i) He sees done with the whole earth what he and his people have done with a part of it, made a place of which God could say, "Mine abode forever."

B. The Doctrines Preached by Enoch.

1. Those of record: free agency, faith, repentance, baptism (by water and the Spirit), resurrection, and eternal judgment.
2. Those in evidence, but not of direct record: consecration, or stewardship responsibility.

C. Biographical Summary.

1. Enoch was the "seventh from Adam."
2. He was ordained a High Priest at the age of twenty-five by Adam.
3. He was called to the ministry at the age of sixty-five.
4. He preached the gospel 365 years.
5. He proved the possibility of man's living the celestial law on a terrestrial planet.
6. He was more than three centuries in building the Christ-ideal community.
7. He had an intense interest in the welfare of the people of the earth after his translation.
8. He was a prophet, seer, and revelator, with the seership seemingly predominating.
9. He had access to God in his highest place—"Thou hast given me a right to thy throne."
10. Enoch finished the Adamic Dispensation.

D. Questions and Problems.

1. What principle of the gospel did Enoch preach and practice that had never been preached and practiced before him?
2. What does the success of Enoch the seer, as an ideal community builder, say concerning the advancement of the race with God or without God?
3. Wherein is the life of Enoch most valuable to you? (A question for the whole class.)
4. Discuss this explanation of equality in the order of Enoch: "Does every man receive an exact equality? No. Why not? Because some men have more ability for managing a stewardship than other men. Some men, perhaps all their lifetimes, have been accustomed to carry on great establishments and know how to

conduct great establishments. Is it to be supposed that such a man would be limited to the same amount of stewardship as the man who has fifty acres of land? It may require twenty or a hundred times as much stewardship to be placed in the hands of such a man, than what is required of other stewards who manage farming only. Does not that make them unequal? No. They are all stewards. The property belongs to the Lord." (Orson Pratt, *Journal of Discourses,* vol. 16. *Doctrine and Covenants Commentary,* p. 611.)

5. Wherein were the builders of the City of Enoch ideally idealistic?

6. Discuss: The City of Enoch as the Eternal City, the City of Three Graces!

LESSON II

(Second Week in April)

Work and Business

TEACHER'S TOPIC FOR APRIL

HOME AND TOWN "CLEAN UP"

1. Cultivate flowers outside the house, and they will cultivate beauty and art within.

2. There is no other form of spring cleanup that pays such a large dividend as a garden, either vegetable or flower garden.

(a) A marvel of charm and color can be produced from a 25c package of mixed flower seeds.

3. If you have an unsightly place at the side of the house, or garage, or chicken coop—a bank of Four O'Clocks (10c worth of seed) will transform it into a thing of beauty.

4. If you cannot afford the shrubs you would like—Caster Beans make gorgeous tropical plants in one year.

5. Have you plenty of shade in your back yard? If not, plant one new tree and one new vine each year and you will be surprised at the result.

6. Never burn fallen leaves; bury them to enrich the soil.

7. Women and children can paint porch floors better than men. Try it.

8. If the steps or fences are in need of repairs have the children mend them; they may not do it as well as a grown up, but it will be improved, and the training is invaluable to the children.

9. Decaying vegetables in the cellar weave shrouds for the upper chambers.

(a) Whitewashing basement walls is a means of disinfecting.

(b) A metal dish of unslacked lime is good to take moisture.

10. Can you do anything to eliminate or diminish the weeds in your neighborhood? Pollen of weeds is the cause of hay fever.

11. Progressive citizens keep their houses and town clean, pleasant and attractive.

LESSON III

(Third Week in April)

Literature

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

The recently reported death of Gene Stratton Porter, is another reminder of the fact that out of Indiana has come a very unusual number of prominent writers, in during less than a century of time. Of this group, comprising such eminent names as Lew Wallace, Booth Tarkington and James Whitcomb Riley, Riley holds a popular place, and in some respects a very unique place.

James Whitcomb Riley was born in Greenfield, Indiana, October 7, 1853. His father was a well-to-do lawyer. Doubtless the father had an ambition that the son, too, should become a lawyer, but the son did not care for law. As a young

man he worked as a signpainter, wishing all the time, very much, that he might get before the public as an entertainer; a wish that was gratified in very full measure as time went on. As a boy he had taken part in theatricals in his own home town, where his work met with much approval.

Riley had written verses, but did not have the courage to admit his authorship, consequently when he published them he did it under the nom de plume, Benjamin F. Johnson, and when he read them from the platform he usually said he had cut them from a newspaper, that a friend had put them into his hand, with the request that he include them in the evening's entertainment. He had read for audiences when he received only $4, and for others when the house receipts would not pay expenses. That was in the beginning; when Mr. Riley discontinued his platform work, he shut the door in the face of a public clamoring for more.

It was our good fortune to hear Mr. Riley read before the students of the University of Michigan, in Ann Arbor. We have heard a goodly number of professional readers read Riley's poems since that time, but we have never heard any one read them in a way that at all equalled his own rendition. In this respect he was like Charles Dickens. The British public was carried away with enthusiasm over the way in which Dickens read his own productions. That this admiration of Riley's poems was general is seen from the following incident:

The great French actor Coquelin, after hearing Riley read at the Savage Club in London, turned to Henry Irving, the great English actor and said: "Henry, you and I have been studying all these years how to act, but here is a young man out of the west, who knows all we know by nature." The biographer telling the story, admits that the remark is an exaggeration, but in doing so, says, "Yet it is proof, if proof were necessary, that the poet was extraordinarily gifted as an actor.

Mr. Booth Tarkington's description of Riley is a classic, so we include it at this point: "There he stood, alone upon the stage, a blonde, shortish, whimsical man in evening clothes —a figure with 'a whole lot of style', and a whole lot of its own style too! He offered a deferential prefatory sentence or so; then suddenly, face and figure attired, seemed to merge completely into those of a person altogether different from the poet, and not Mr. Riley, but a Hoosier farm hand, perhaps, or a thin little girl stood before you."

The night we heard him, he read in a very exceptional fashion, "I Want to Hear the Old Band Play," "Out to Old Aunt Mary's" and, "When the Frost is on the Punkin." These

were great favorites of his and were included in very many of his public readings. As we are on this theme, we may just as well discuss these three poems now as later on.

Greenfield was the poet's birth place. In 1894 Riley's father had died, and the poet had purchased and restored the homestead at Greenfield, which had been lost by the father soon after the Civil War, through speculation. Everywhere Riley was being sought, and Greenfield wished to contribute its mite to the wide wave of approval; so the poet was given a public reception. It seems that the entire town acted on the reception committee and met him at the station.

The entertainment was in the old Masonic Hall. In the midst of Riley's address he said, "I have in mind a poem which found its fundamental principles in this town. Many of you will recall our old band—the old Saxhorn Band. I want you to fancy the speaker is an old resident of Greenfield, who has returned." Then with an artless look at the orchestra, where sat the few remaining members of the old organization he recited the poem with the well-known refrain, "I want to hear the old band play."

In this poem, we discover one of the unique features of Riley's work, for he mixes the humorous and the pathetic in such fashion that one is inclined to laugh through his tears, and cry through his laugh. This is done without the slightest offense; in fact there is such harmonious blending of the two that each without the other is lost, or, to put it in other words, the humor deepens the pathos, and the pathos heightens the humor. In Riley's own rendition this effect was preserved in what seemed to us nothing less than a marvelous fashion.

In one of Riley's public addresses he said, "There is reminiscent for us all, an old town and country sketch which attempts to picture two barefoot boys, who had an old aunt in the country, whom they used to visit; two brothers one in his declining years, writing the other, who had moved to the far west—wrote:"

> Wasn't it pleasant, O brother mine,
> In those old days of the lost sunshine
> Of youth—when the Saturday chores were through.
> And we went visiting, "me and you."
> And the Sunday wood in the kitchen too,
> Out to Old Aunt Mary's?
>
> "Me and you"—and the morning fair,
> With dewdrops twinkling everywhere;
> The scent of the cherry-blossom blown
> After us, in the roadway lone,

Our capering shadows onward thrown—
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

It all comes back so clear today!
Though I am as bald as you are gray,—
Out by the barn-lot and down the lane
We patter along in the dust again,
As light as the tips of the drops of the rain,
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

The few last houses of the town;
Then on, up the high creek-bluffs and down;
Past the squat toll-gate, with its well-sweep pole;
The bridge, and "the old 'baptizin'-hole,'"
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Or, strayed by the glint of the redbird's wings,
Or the glitter of song that the bluebird sings,
All hushed we feign to strike strange trails,
As "big braves" do in Indian tales,
Till again our real quest lags and fails—
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.—

And the woodland echoes with yells of mirth
That make old war-whoops of minor worth!—
Where such heroes of war as we?—
With bows and arrows of fantasy,
Chasing each other from tree to tree
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

And then in the dust of the road again;
And the teams we met and the countrymen;
And the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread,
Our cares behind, and our hearts ahead
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.—

For only, now, at the road's next bend
To the right we could make out the gable-end
Of the fine old Huston homestead—not
Half a mile from the sacred spot
Where dwelt our Saint in her simple cot—
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

Why I see her now in the open door
Where the little gourds grew up the sides and o'er
The clapboard roof!—And her face—ah, me!
Wasn't it good for a boy to see—
And wasn't it good for a boy to be
Out to Old Aunt Mary's!

* * *

For, O my brother so far away,
This is to tell you—she waits today
To welcome us:—Aunt Mary fell
Asleep this morning, whispering, "Tell
The boys to come" * * * And all is well
Out to Old Aunt Mary's.

We shall never forget how Riley smacked his lips as he read this poem. One forgot he was a man, and really thought the jam could be seen clinging to his lips as he ate out to Aunt Mary's.

"When the Frost is on the Punkin" is one of the best Thanksgiving poems that we have. Professor Claire W. Reid has put this poem to music giving it added charm. It is a most delightful piece of chorus work. Professor Reid has set a group of Riley's poems to music, a fact over which Latter-day Saints have cause to delight. If any of you find it convenient, include one of the Riley poems that Professor Reid has set to music, as a song on your Riley afternoon, it will greatly enrich the program.

Two other poems should be mentioned in any discussion of Riley's platform poems, they are "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," and "Good-by, Jim." Mr. Riley placed them on the program of many of his entertainments and they were always great favorites. Of his rendition of "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," one of his hearers said, that the "Golden Girl," a bright vision of us all, seemed to step out on the stage and lean over his shoulder and kiss him on the sly for the sentiment. Mr. Nat Goodwin said: "I used to recite 'Good-bye, Jim,' until I heard Riley do it, then I asked the Lord to forgive me, and never tried it again." Mr. Booth Tarkington said, "Even as the poet sat and talked quietly with a friend these extraordinary impersonations came playing upon the surface of his face and voice; his talk was like quicksilver. He was the only frontrank poet in whom humor was predominent.

In Riley's sixty-second year, 1911, after having written many volumes of poetry, recited by the school children all over the land, just as Longfellow's were recited before his time, Mr. Riley was the victim of a paralytic stroke. He really thought that it was the end. Four years later, in his sixty-sixth year he was feeling so much like a boy that it seemed as if he might yet live a goodly number of years. He went as usual to Miami, Florida, for the winter, returning in May to Indianapolis, where he continued his daily rides about the city, well and happy with apparently a number of days of life before him. "Saturday night, July 22, 1916, at ten minutes of eleven, the poet, having retired, asked for a glass of water and turning on his side fell asleep; as gentle as twilight, came the summons from the Silent Land," says Mr. Marcus Dickey.

Questions and Problems

1. Name some books wirtten by Lew Wallace; also some books written by Booth Tarkington.

2. Go over the poem. "I Want to Hear the Old Band Play," and point out where pathos and humor are blended to good effect.

3. Riley has often been called the poet of the "common people," which means that he selects subjects that come within the range of common experience. Does this poem "Out to Old Aunt Mary's" support the well known criticism that he is the poet of the masses?

4. In the last stanza of "Out to Old Aunt Mary's," what promise, dear to all Christians, is portrayed in delicate language? Read the stanza over.

5. Prove from the lines, "The frost is on the punkin," that Riley loved nature.

6. Are his descriptions picturesque, that is, does he use language as a medium to paint pictures that we can see?

7. If time will permit, have someone read "An Old Sweetheart of Mine," and "Good-by Jim."

There will be a second lesson on Riley.

LESSON IV

(Fourth Week in April)

Social Service

Homeless Children

The orphan, the abandoned child, and the neglected one, have for many years received some kind of public care. Even in early Greece and Rome, orphans—particularly the children of men who had died for their country—were cherished and educated, to the age of eighteen, by patriotic citizens. The motive was not a humanitarian one, but a measure to conserve a population depleted by war. In the early Christian era, orphan children were boarded out, the church paying worthy widows for their care. Institutions for dependent children were not established until about the close of the second century, and they flourished until the nineteenth century. One common type of institution was the English workhouse, which sheltered all types of helpless and dependent persons —the sick, the aged, the widows and the homeless children.

Dickens' story of Oliver Twist's experiences, in the sordid English workhouse, is an interesting portrayal of conditions existing in institutions at that period. Oliver became the charge of the parish at birth, for his unknown mother died after taking one fond

look at her new born son. She was a stranger in the village, found lying in the street, and was taken to the workhouse where, next day, her child was born. Oliver fared as did his other unfortunate contemporaries, who were fed "on the smallest possible portion of the weakest possible food." Until he was nine he was "farmed" out at a branch workhouse, and at the end of that period he was considered ready for apprenticeship. He was taken by the town undertaker, and young Oliver's unhappy experiences among the gloomy coffins in the dismal cellar where he slept, gave him courage to run away. His later career among the pickpockets is a fascinating story familiar to most of us.

Students of child welfare find much of interest in Dickens' narrative, not only because it reveals the abuses then prevalent in these institutions, but also to measure the advances that have been made during the subsequent century in the state's care of its homeless children.

Many changes in attitude have taken place since the day of Oliver Twist, when orphans were only half-fed, half-clothed, unschooled, and in constant fear of a tyrannical taskmaker, and who were considered legitimate subjects for industrial exploitation by the community. In contrast with this picture, it is enlightening to turn to the White House report (see *Normal Life,* page 51) which is a set of resolutions adopted by child-welfare authorities in joint conference at the White House in 1909. The principles of child care endorsed by the conference express the present day sentiments of educators, physicians, and social workers, although it is true that a full attainment of these standards has not yet been accomplished.

It may be well at this point to consider briefly the kinds of circumstances that bring children under public supervision. The most obvious cause is the death of both parents. Half-orphans, too, often become charges. A widow without adequate income sometimes finds it her only alternative to place her children in a home and to enter industry. A widower frequently finds it equally difficult to have his children properly cared for in the home, and his children find their way to institutions of some kind. The desertion of one of the parents sometimes brings the children under state care. In cases of wanton neglect the state assumes the obligation to protect the child by removing it from the home.

Occasionally, a child born out of wedlock is left to public care, and some provision must be made for it. In France and Italy during the eighteenth century, the number of foundlings became enormous. The institutions for foundlings were provided by law, with revolving cribs of "tours" fixed in the walls or doors, so that when the tour was turned outward the mother could place her child in it and retire unseen. The matron was

warned with a bell that an infant was being left, and the crib would then be turned toward the interior and the child be removed. Even until very recent years foundling asylums in the European centers and in some of our own larger cities, have accepted abandoned infants. The empty cradle on the steps, waiting to accept the abandoned child, is a picture that is rapidly disappearing. The abandonment of children born out of wedlock or under other unfortunate conditions, is now heartily discouraged. It is considered better for both the mother and child to remain together.

No matter what circumstances make a child homeless, the best first step in making a plan for the child's care is to attempt to keep it in its home environment. If there are no parents, the relatives—grandparents, married brothers or sisters, or aunts or uncles—should assume the responsibility of rearing the homeless children. Even though such a responsibility may seem to be somewhat of a burden, it is the duty first of the family to assume the care of its dependent members. There is no question that a child's life is more natural, richer in experience, and infinitely happier among affectionate kinsmen than in an institution, which in its very character is more formal and impersonal. If there is a surviving parent, there is little reason for justifying the placement of children in institutions. Certainly lack of income on the part of a widow cannot be considered a sufficient reason. A widow's pension provided by the state, some form of insurance, or an allowance by some church or welfare agency, should be secured in order to keep the home intact.

If, however, it is found that a child cannot be reared by the family, the provision for it should be made by a trained worker who understands how to give proper supervision in planning for its care. It is often desirable to place children in private homes, paying the family something for the service. These boarding homes can give a more natural environment to the child than is possible in an institution. These homes are especially desirable if the foster family is motivated by unselfish purposes. There is a danger, however, if payment is made to the family for the care of the children, that some children will become charges of people who enter such an agreement for purely mercenary reasons, and it is then possible that the children may suffer some neglect. If, however, foster home placement is carefully supervised by the state or some authorized child welfare society, such care may be highly satisfactory.

Institutions, however, have a definite function in a child welfare program. Different departments, or even separate institutions, have been created in some states to meet the needs of different children,—those needing definite medical care, the mentally deficient, the behavior problem, etc. For the homeless normal

child who must spend his days in the public's substitute for a home, many new provisions have been made in recent years. The present ideal, only achieved in a few instances, is a plan known as the "cottage system." Small homelike houses are built instead of large dormitories, and a small selected group is presided over by a house mother—sometimes a mother of one of the children. Duties are assigned to each and the schedule followed is as like a home routine as possible. Other larger institutions that find it impracticable to abandon their dormitories, endeavor to give personal attention and take special interest in the children under their care. Any institution, whether private or state, should keep careful records, should have adequate medical facilities, and should receive supervision either from the state or from an approved board.

Where there are children who are permanently homeless, it may be advisable to arrange for legal adoption. It is highly important, for the protection of both the child and the adopting parents, that a careful study of the child and the home be made. For the protection of the foster parents, it should be learned if the child is normal mentally and physically. It should also be learned if the parents were normal mentally and if there is any congenital family pathology. The foster home should be studied to insure for the child good physical care, educational opportunities, and religious training. Foster parents should be willing to have their homes visited, for in no other way can an agency be sure that no child is suffering neglect or is the victim of exploitation by unscrupulous persons. In order to correct the abuses and disappointments that result from unsupervised traffic in children, the Utah state legislature, last session, enacted a bill of control. This act provided that adoptions of children may be made only by licensed agencies, and the power of license was placed in the hands of the state board of health.

References: *Normal Life,* Edward T. Devine, pages 43 to 54. *Oliver Twist,* Charles Dickens.

Questions and Problems

1. Why should relatives assume the care of homeless children?
2. Why should placements in foster homes be carefully supervised?
3. Why is a home environment more desirable than that of an institution?
4. Why should adoptions be officially controlled?
5. To what extent are the recommendations of the White House conference enforced in your community?

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